



Treading alone the wine press of the world
with calm confidence in the triumph of Innocence,
Christ walks through the Christmas of the years,
a holocaust and a hope for all mankind.

MARYKNOLL · THE FIELD AFAR DECEMBER 1940



A bright and blessed Christmas
to you from Maryknoll!

The hundreds of young Americans who have gone from the Knoll of Mary into remote parts of the globe to spread the love of her Divine Child will remember you, their partners in Christ, on Christmas morn.

MARYKNOLL

MARYKNOLL is an American foundation for foreign missions. • Central headquarters are at Maryknoll, New York. Preparatory seminaries for the training of priests are maintained in various sections of the country from Massachusetts to California. • The Maryknoll Fathers were established by the Archbishops and Bishops of the United States

as the national society for foreign missions, and authorized by His Holiness, Pius X, at Rome, June 29, 1911. • In seven large areas of the Orient—in South China, Japan, Manchukuo, and Korea—Maryknollers are laboring among 25,000,000 non-Christian souls. • The legal title of the Maryknoll Fathers is "Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Incorporated."

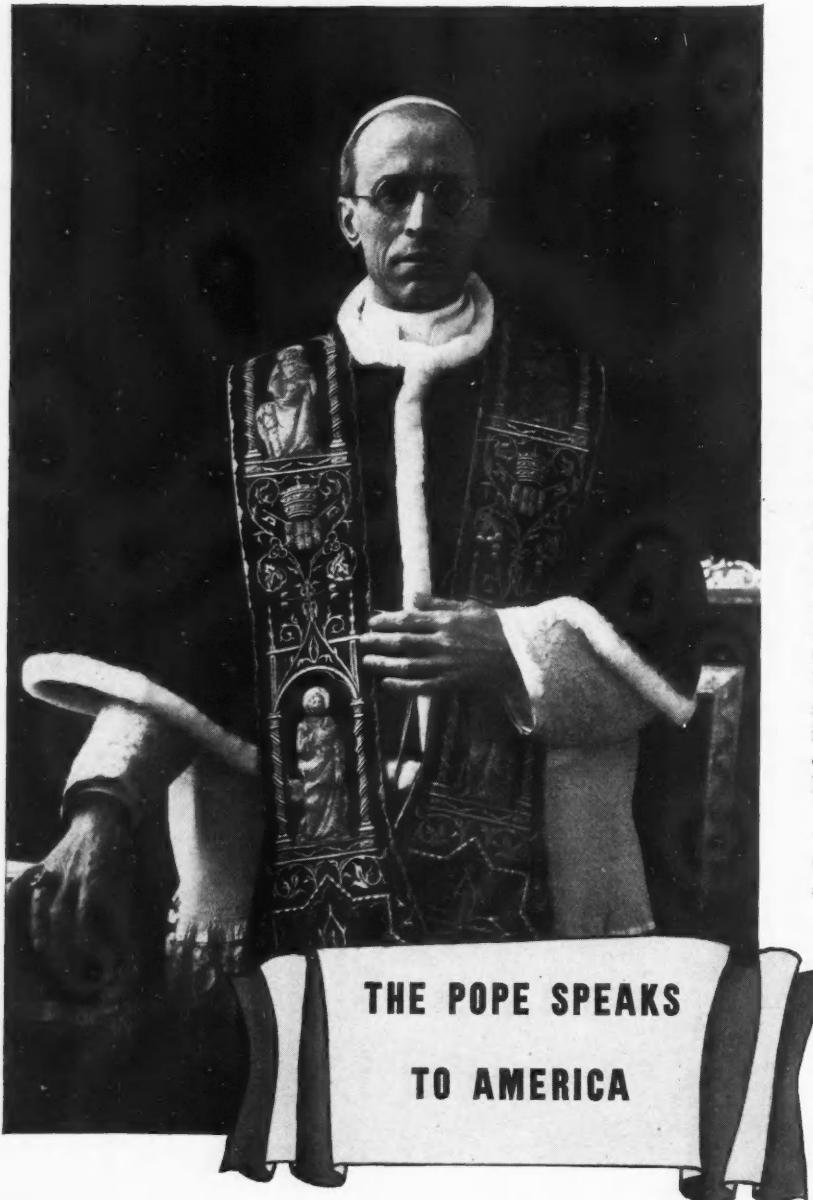
THE FIELD AFAR

DECEMBER, 1940 VOL. XXXIV, NO. 12

Talk of the Missions.....	Rev. John C. Murrett	3
Christmastide on Many Knolls.....		4
One-Year Plan.....	Rev. Sylvio R. Gilbert	8
Mass at Cockcrow.....	Rev. J. Russell Hughes	9
The Three Gifts.....	Father Winthrop	10
The Medicine Man.....	Rev. James F. Smith	12
Storytelling.....	Sister M. Mercy	13
Editorials		14
When Wars End.....	V. Rev. James M. Drought	16
Riches Come to the House of Kung	Rev. George L. Krock	20
Christmas . . . Special Delivery.....	Sister M. Jean	22
Cathedral in Adobe.....	Most Rev. Francis X. Ford	24
Green Pastures in Manchuland.....	Rev. Edward A. McGurkin	26
Maryknoll Bookshelf		28
A Christmas Message.....		30

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WHILE Our heart embraces the whole world's flock of Christ, it turns with special feelings toward you, beloved children of the United States. Our voice, on the wings of that marvelous creation of human genius, is wafted to you from the Vatican across the Atlantic.

Our gaze stretches far beyond over the face of the earth, and Our hope that you will help in spreading the Gospel takes on new life, new strength. Our heart is lifted up to the sublime heights scaled by your eager and unselfish zeal to bring all nations to the feet of Christ. Every nation has its mission society. Yours is Mary-

knoll. Your Society for foreign missions, Maryknoll, whose members are in eastern Asia endeavoring to spread the Faith, counts among its missionaries so many of your heroes and heroines.

The East and West have found the large centers of the world desolated by international strife. The Church stands, her hands outstretched, with eyes uplifted toward Christ Himself, Redeemer of the world. Is not He the good Missionary of the Father, who came down from heaven in the form of a servant? Christ upon earth suffered Golgotha's cross. Crucified, He opened wide His arms. With eyes and hands upraised, We also look to you, and We look to all those others who sit in the shadow of death, knowing nothing of Him who has redeemed them. They, too, must hear the Shepherd's voice.

Pray that the Master of the vineyard will send workers for these, your brothers, for they also have been called to be born

again in Christ. Prayer is the sword that pierces the heart of God and lets flow His love and mercy. Prayer associates Us with apostles in the fields and the bypaths of their wearying toil. Offer it in this certainly distressing hour to help the Spouse of Christ in propagating the Faith.

Help her to advance the good work begun; to rebuild what has been damaged and destroyed; to reassure the fainthearted and discouraged; to multiply the scant resources; to sustain, to increase and advance, the holy missionary movement toward the ultimate triumph of that kingdom of God on earth. This is the subject of Our day's petition to the heavenly Father, in that prayer taught us by Christ, "Thy Kingdom come."

—Excerpts from the Holy Father's radio plea to America on the eve of Mission Sunday.

TALK OF THE MISSIONS

Pleasing God

About a year ago we printed what seemed to us then an interesting story of sacrifice. A well-to-do but childless couple, Mr. and Mrs. Kurita of Miyaki, Japan, devoted the greater part of their fortune to relieving the wants of children and the aged in that country. Came war, heavier taxes, greater depressions; and now the aged couple are spending the evening of their day in the Old Folks' Home which they themselves founded some years ago. The Holy Father heard of the Kuritas, and recently, in the presence of Japanese civil authorities and local Catholics, Mr. and Mrs. Kurita received the papal decoration *Pro Pontifice et Ecclesiae*. Their only remark at so signal an honor was, "We hope God is pleased with our poor efforts."

Peripatetic

A returned missioner, home on furlough, told us the other night of how a very simple old man was unwittingly instrumental in bringing many converts to the Faith. The old man, who was preparing for Baptism at Ch'ing Tui Tzer in Maryknoll's Manchu Mission, could not read, so he had to memorize, aloud, little snatches of the doctrine. Over and over he'd repeat the lesson all day, going to and from his home or on errands of business. Practically everyone in town, at one time or another, has heard parts of the catechism as the ancient one trudged the streets, repeating aloud:

"Why is man born into the world?"

"Man is born to know, love, and serve God, and to save his own soul."

"Why do you wish to enter the Church?"

"To glorify God and save my own soul."

"Who is God?"

"God is the great Lord Creator of heaven and earth, angels and men, and all things."

This teaching sounded "ten parts good" to many who heard scraps of the old man's lessons, and they have begun to look deeper into the teachings of the Church.

Christmas in Nippon

is a glorious time for the children. Not that the popularity of this feast is due to the missioners, or that its celebration is laying the foundation for a Christian Japan. Christmas is widely observed merely because the children want it. They never doubt that good old Saint Nicholas, foreigner though he is, will come to fill their stockings during the night.



In 1868, when Christianity was restored to the Island Empire after almost three hundred years' suppression, few Christians would have dreamed that the nativity of the Son of Man would ever be popularized in this land the way it has been.

However, the idea of the toy-laden saint, and the festive spirit expressible in terms of good things to eat, appealed at once to the youthful imagination. The process was simple—the result was but logical. Children now *must* have their Christmas, and Japanese parents think first and last of their children.

On They March

Speaking of humble beginnings reminds us that Switzerland's Bethlehem Foreign Mission Society sent its first missioners to Manchukuo in 1924. Four years later they were given the mission of Tsitsikar, with scarcely 1,000 Christians. Last year's report shows 22,500 Catholics—an increase of more than 1,000 converts each year. And this in spite of the fact that imprisonment, sickness, and violent death have reduced their personnel considerably. *Prosit, Bethlehem!*

Finlandia

It is all very well to say that religion has practically died in many corners of Europe, but we like to believe that the same sturdy spirit which gave saints and martyrs to the Church is still strong, though suppressed. Recently we heard of a Finnish boy who, at the age of twelve, the only member of his family to embrace the Faith, became a Catholic.

When he found himself subject to Communist and Nazi propaganda and pressure, he joined the Finnish Youth Group to help combat alien influences through the societies affiliated with Catholic Action.

Anxious to learn English, he requested a friend who was leaving for the United States to send him anything printed in English, and among the magazines subsequently to arrive from America was THE FIELD AFAR. In some way this magazine became his textbook, but the missionary message soon meant more to the boy than language study.

When he arrived in New York City, recently, he went directly to our house. "I don't know exactly what Maryknoll is," he said, "but I know its purpose and ideals. I want to associate myself with Maryknoll in any capacity in which you can use me."

Persecution planted the seed of vocation.



CHRISTMASTIDE ON MANY KNOTS



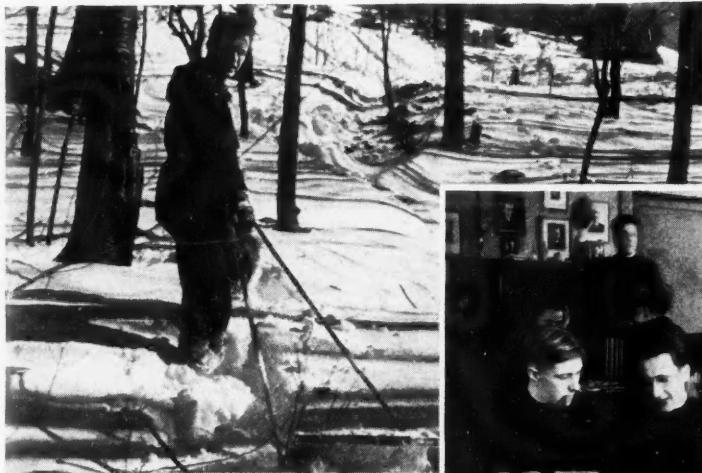
No other feast day at any Maryknoll house is so full of traditions and happy customs as is Christmas Day. It is the time when all Maryknollers feel especially united; it is a family day, a day when all else is set aside for the one purpose of adoring the Christ Child and enjoying one another.

Just as at home, there are mysterious packages, many whispered consultations, and many strange doings for several weeks before the big day. Nearly a month in advance, at the Home Knoll, committees are appointed to take care of the hundred-and-one details which necessarily arise when the Christmas celebration of such a large family is being prepared.

Christmas Eve is not at all like the night spoken of in rhyme. Every creature is stirring to such an extent that a mouse would not dare to appear. Down in the big kitchen some of *Brother Hennery's* chickens lie trussed and stuffed, ready

Above: A Christmas wreath in the snow decorates the graves of Bishop Walsh and Father Price, our cofounders, who rest side by side in God's Acre at Maryknoll.





Given a good fall of snow, the seminarians seem to enjoy also the many other falls that follow the tyros' skiing or sledding attempts. No one comes back with more than minor injuries.



Right: Students draw up their chairs before a crepe-paper fireplace to read their Christmas mail.

to be popped into the big ovens on the morrow. Enough pumpkins to equip several Cinderellas have been turned into savory pies, sufficient in number to satisfy the most demanding of slap-stick artists. Potatoes are peeled, vegetables washed, and nuts (the shelled variety) cracked.

Decorators are busy everywhere. In the refectory the stone pillars are hung with laurel. The recreation room boasts of a crepe-paper fireplace and flameless fire. So well have the artists done their work of suggestion that many will even draw up their chairs to this flimsy grate to warm their shins. A tree glistening in tinsel and tiny lights adds the last "homey" touch.

The chapel is the favorite spot, during these days. Ropes of laurel, dotted with red, are festooned here and there. The altar, backed with panels of green, is rich in its simplicity, as is the crib—a home-made work of art, attractive in its very crudeness.

Just before midnight a line of surpliced choristers goes through the corridors singing the beautiful old carols which have announced the coming of the Messiah for so many years.

Every heart is throbbing with the age-old wonder and joy of a God coming down from heaven to earth for His creatures' sakes; as at every Knoll He finds loving hearts waiting and anxious to carry Him beyond the seas to new altars, to new hearts.

The chanting of Lauds follows Midnight Mass. Then all go to the refectory, where an overstuffed Santa appears with insane gifts for all.

In the morning the second Mass is attended before breakfast. The third is again a Solemn Mass. The remainder of the day is spent as in most family circles, and Solemn Vespers rounds out a full, blessed feast.

BEDFORD— The novices of Maryknoll-at-Bedford begin their Christmas celebration as such at five o'clock on Christmas Eve. That hour finds us all gathered in chapel to recite Matins. After supper and a brief period of recreation, there follow night prayers and a few moments of meditation on the mystery of Christ's birth.

At the stroke of midnight we are in chapel, singing the opening chant of what must be the center of every true Christmas celebration—Midnight Mass. As the Mass progresses, our thoughts keep recurring to the appropriateness of Christ's rebirth this night in our novitiate chapel, which was itself a stable but a few years back; to the thousands of humble altars in mission lands where the Christmas Mass is being offered; to the millions of pagans who still await the glad tidings of the Wonder of Bethlehem.

A quiet and enjoyable Christmas Day passes in to a quiet and equally enjoyable Christmas evening. For many of us, this is our first Christmas away from the home hearth; our prayer is that future Christmases in foreign lands may be as full of the true Christmas spirit of joy and peace as ours today.

SOUTH CHINA— For Christmas, through the help of a Peiping Catholic, we were able to use the dining room in the Guest House Hotel, the best place in town, for Midnight Mass. At the rear of the dining room, the manager had the Bethlehem scene made out of paper and illuminated by electric lights. It was a perfect setting for the altar. There was an advertisement in the newspapers for a week. This had a good effect, for at the Midnight Mass there were close to three hundred faithful, representing almost every province in China. It was a beautiful Christmas.

CHRISTMASTIDE ON MANY KNOLLS (Continued)

MANCHUKUO— In Manchuland there is lacking the bright excitement that precedes Christmas at home. Most people here know nothing of the feast; and, among the Christians, holly and red ribbons and Christmas trees are unknown. They commemorate the feast with great simplicity, minus all the non-essentials. And yet Christmas here seems all the more joyful. From small, mud farm huts, Christians travel great distances to spend the feast at the mission; some have to wind their way over hard, frozen roads for one or two days. In the mission chapel on Christ-

mas Eve, the group of catechumens already prepared are baptized—making a precious birthday gift of souls to Our Lord, and indeed a priceless Christmas gift to these people. This is the missioner's great consolation, and it should be a source of much joy to his benefactors, who



Above: A South China Christmas crowd. Left: Admiration of another Mother and Babe in Manchukuo



share in this gift to Our Lord. The remainder of the day he is busy in the confessional, and the spirit of the feast somehow keeps him from becoming tired.

The night is extremely quiet and cold when the Christians are coming for Midnight Mass, and the small chapel is crowded on all sides by worshipping throngs. Lanterns, made by the boys of the mission, are strung up in front of the church, and an outdoor crib, too, has been set up by them. Inside the small chapel the warmth of Christmas prevails and it gladdens the heart to see the devotion of these people during the Mass, to hear them recite their prayers and sing the Christmas hymns. All receive Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament and remain after Mass to recite their thanksgiving in common. The chapel is again crowded for the two morning Masses, many of the Christians having attended two and three Masses.

Throughout the day the Christians remain to enjoy and to add to the festivities. Each year a Christmas

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Above: Santa visits the boat people of Japan.
Right: This Fushun angel almost fell asleep.

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drama is presented by the orphan girls. One, as an angel announces, "Tidings of Great Joy"; the curtains are drawn aside, and there is not a murmur during the performance, which is presented with great reverence. For several days the play is repeated, so that all may have an opportunity to attend, as the room in which it is held is small, accommodating only a limited number. The Christians bring many of their non-Christian friends to see the play, and these thus learn for the first time the story of Bethlehem.

KOREA— We like to consider Christmas as the climax of our year's work. The eve was clear and cold. The Church, which started to become filled at seven o'clock was crowded long before midnight. The Sisters had made a most attractive crib and splendid altar decorations, but best of all was their young people's choir, which sang perfectly all the Proper of the Mass. It was easy to preach that night, for these people had yearned in the darkness of paganism for all the peace and joy the Redeemer was to bring. Most of them knew by personal experience the suffering and the cold and poverty of something very similar to a stable, and the Christians who came from the towns where we have outstations had made that day a journey similar to the one from Nazareth to Bethlehem. Some of them started walking after the Midnight Mass, and reached home next morning.

And, too, they had gifts for the Infant Jesus. Ac-

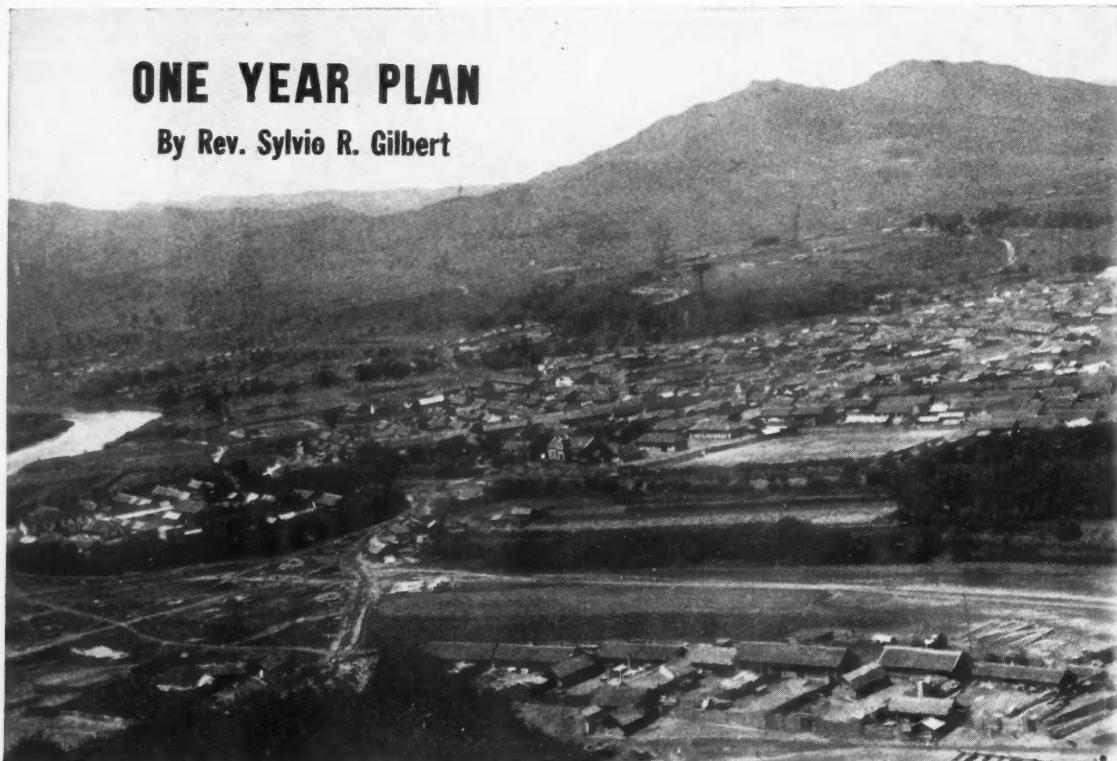


cording to the custom here, a week previously they had received a card on which to write their promise that before Jesus' next birthday they would pray daily for some one of their own choice, give him good example, and try to persuade him to embrace the true Faith. After Midnight Mass they placed those pledge cards before the crib. One good woman came to me Christmas Day, saying that she had promised last year to try to convert a person, she had succeeded in bringing that person to Mass twice, but as yet he was not a real convert. Then she gave a generous stipend that Mass might be offered for his conversion.

JAPAN— The world is too small to keep Maryknollers separated. In our little mission compound when the stars twinkle their message of infinity, in the dead silence of the oriental night, we bethink ourselves of the rest of our Maryknoll family, each keeping watch, each performing the task the Christ Child has given him to do. As the light of the Christmas star shines upon us, there is the feeling that we are not alone, that the Infant King is with us, His little hands binding us one to another with bonds that can never be dissolved—even in eternity!

ONE YEAR PLAN

By Rev. Sylvio R. Gilbert



The city of Tung Hua is divided into sectors, so that all may hear the glad tidings.

OUR one-year plan for Church extension is a form of lay apostolate for propagating the Faith. We have arranged for each Catholic family of a town to be responsible for the instruction of one or several catechumens, according to the number they can succeed in interesting. This duty includes helping the catechumens in their study of the catechism and bringing them to periodical instructions at the church.

The cycle begins on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception and ends the following year on the same date, when another is begun. At the end of each cycle the results are posted, each family being credited with the number of catechumens brought to the Church and the number of those who, after due instruction, received Baptism.

To secure a more effective working of the plan, the Catholics of a town are grouped according to the section in which they live. At the head of each section a particularly zealous Catholic is named leader and given the duty of stimulating the interest of Catholics and catechumens in that section. A weekly report of each leader's activities must be made to the parish priest. The priest or catechist has scheduled visits to the various sections to observe progress, to revive interest when necessary, and, in general, to keep the plan in motion.

Reviewing the first year's efforts, we must admit that the system at first did meet with many difficulties. One was that people were slow to catch the idea of the plan's

working. This resulted in loss of time in some places and, consequently, a loss of opportunities. More difficulties were encountered where there was no properly equipped catechist to work at the head of the Catholics.

An able catechist has been at work in the newly opened mission station of Pa Tao Chiang, and there has been a large increase of catechumens in his district. Each evening the catechist, together with the head of one of the districts, visits a family which has been chosen by previous arrangement, and there Catholics and catechumens gather for evening prayer and a short instruction. After the talk those present have an opportunity to expose their problems and obtain further explanation of the doctrine. Thus the new converts are carefully and thoroughly instructed.

A large group of new converts will soon be baptized in Pa Tao Chiang. This is particularly encouraging because conversions do not come easily in these boom towns, where industrial expansion is rapid. Moreover, it is the purpose of the plan, and also our hope, that the system will produce, not a large, sudden rush of conversions, but rather a steady yearly influx of new Catholics who are solidly grounded in the teachings of Christ and the traditions of the Church.

We are glad to pass our plan on, because, with certain modifications, it has great possibilities for increasing the number of converts at home.

MASS AT COCKCROW

By Rev. J. Russell Hughes

FATHER, if you will come to dedicate my new club house for boys, I'll be eternally grateful to you." That's a long time for gratitude to last, and yet I knew that the statement was not entirely exaggerated, because Father Edward is a man of his word.

Powerful though this appeal was, an additional reason finally took me on the long jaunt to Batangas, a town about one hundred kilometers south of Manila. Christmas was less than a week away, and I had never been in the provinces for the famous "Aguinaldo Masses." Here was an opportunity to witness that wonderful expression of faith on the part of the *provincianos*, as well as to help Father Edward in his dedication ceremonies.

Batangas is the capital of the province. This means that it is larger than the other towns and has four or five handsome stone administration buildings. Most of the men wear western clothes; or rather, it would be more accurate to say that their clothes, made from white drill, are cut on western patterns. But many, especially at *fiesta* times such as this, still wear the brilliant yellow, purple, green, or flowered *camisa* of the country.

In the town's rectory that night, talk at the supper table centered about the Christmas novena and how it was being celebrated. I confess I was not very much interested at the time, since the ride down had been tiring. Not having paid attention to the pastor at supper, I was startled when serenaded by a brass band and drums at four o'clock the next morning. The band had organized and was well into the story of the "Glowworm" when it penetrated my consciousness. In fact, it was leaving to parade about the town and awaken other people for the "Mass at Cockcrow." Even with such a serenade I might have missed it all, for, when the musicians left, I fell asleep again. That contingency, however, was provided

for, and, just as I lapsed back into unconsciousness, the bells outside my window started the call of the faithful.

This time there was no danger of wooing Morpheus, for the chimes continued ringing joyously till five o'clock, when High Mass was sung. Before Mass the band returned at the head of a procession of townsfolk. The sight was inspiring, and the four-part singing of the Mass in honor of the Blessed Mother was exceptionally good. It was the sixth of the nine mornings of the "Aguinaldo" or Gift Masses sung in honor of Our Lady by the people of this town.

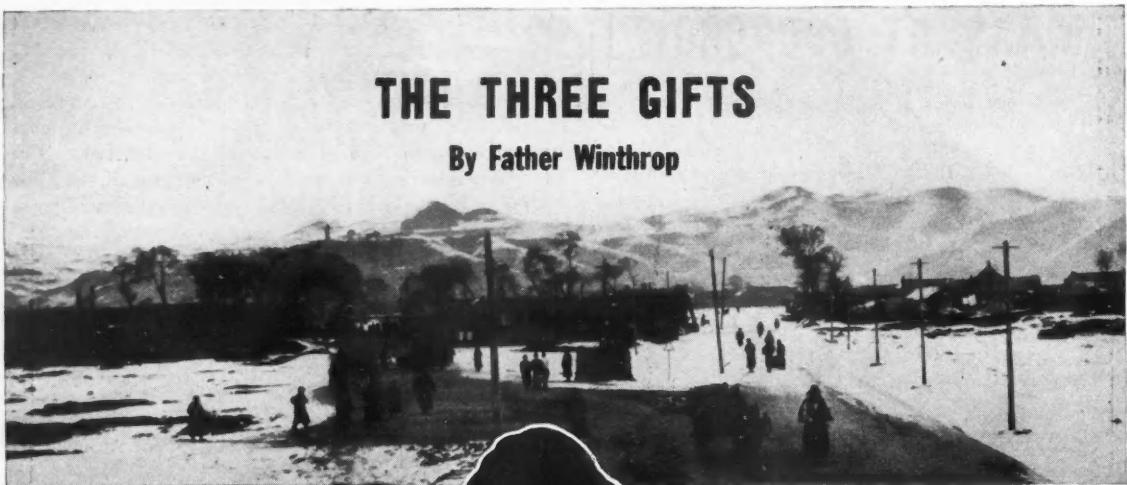
I didn't mind the long, tiring ride home again in a third-class coach. The inspiration of my first "Mass at Cockcrow" was so deep that it has made me anxious to repeat the journey at another time.

The ingenious tuba artist improvised a pedal music stand.



THE THREE GIFTS

By Father Winthrop



IT was mid-December, and the snow lay deep on the hills of Manchukuo. Biting winds from Siberia and the Gobi Desert lashed the few saplings and denuded bushes on the hillside. Three men pushed on stoically towards the city of Antung. They represented the houses of Hsiuh, of Pahn, and of Tu. Only once every year did they cross the treacherous, bandit-infested hills, and this for the feast of the Divine Babe's birth.

Back in the little village of Chingla, nestling close to the Yalu River, they were cut off from the rest of the world. No priest had yet come over the hills, nor had any crossed the frozen waste of river from the Korean side. Yet the three patriarchs had never failed to go to the Christmas festival. The Christians of Antung had a proverb about them: "As surely as the three men from the east arrive, so surely begins the Little Cold."

"If we reach Haijen tonight," said Hsiuh, "it will be best to stop there. This cold is eating into my bones."

While Hsiuh spoke, the other two saw a figure, outlined in the snow, dodge back behind a clump of bushes; and their worst fears were aroused.

"Who are you?" came a muffled voice.

Pahn, sensing the situation, answered, "Just three old men going to worship the Lord of Heaven."

The three men knew they were covered long before the stranger behind the bushes said: "My chief has seen you from the hill, and he has sent me to bring you to our camp."

"When the Little Child is born we shall not be there," said Tu gently. "It will be the first time in twenty years."

"What riddle is this you speak, old man?" demanded the other.

And Tu, forgetting the cold, told the age-old story of

a Child's birth and the yearly celebration of His birthday, concluding, "If only once you were there to see Him born, you would never again stay away."

"He wouldn't look at me," said the other. "I've killed babies. I've stolen children from their parents. He wouldn't let me in."

"You're not afraid of a Baby, are you?" asked Tu.

"Hah! What can a baby do?"

"This One can tell you that He understands, and that He doesn't care about the past, if you'll only try to love Him from now on."

And so they spoke as simply and as earnestly as if they were all gathered before a warm, heartening fire. In the end the bandit agreed to accompany them. After all, he was tired of this nomad existence. Soldiers were continually pressing closer; rations were fewer. Perhaps this was the chance for which he had been looking: to break with the bandit chief and go far away to a new start in life. So fear was submerged in a new hope.

It was a frozen, bedraggled quartet that crowded into Haijen's little inn that night, but old Tu had long forgotten the cold in the hope of bringing one soul to Christ. Hot tea and a bowl of rice soon warmed the men. Only one other guest was at the inn; and he, already deep in his blankets, gave no heed to the newcomers.

When Pahn and Tu each gave a blanket to the bandit and bade him lie down and sleep, he asked, "Are you not going to sleep, too?"

"Yes," said Tu, "later. First we must recite our evening prayer, and then we shall join you."

The simple chant of the three rose and fell in the cadences of the four Mandarin tones. While the steady rhythm of prayer lulled the bandit to sleep, it roused the

other traveler. Leaning on his elbow, he watched the three old men and listened. They told a God of their sorrow, they asked His forgiveness, they told Him of the hope they had to be one day with Him, and of their love, like His own love, which they wished to share with all men.



As the three rose from their knees, the traveler spoke: "I have seen incense rising from the great burners in the temples of Peiping, but tonight I have for the first time found rising an incense of prayer that breathes of the sweetest aromas. If I could but pray like that, I should never again fear man or beast or the greatest dangers. Can you teach me to pray as you do?"

Pahn answered first: "When the heart speaks in love to the God of love, there can be neither danger nor fear. The Lord of Heaven has first of all shown us how much He loves us—not us three only, but every man. All that He asks is that we repay His love with all of ours."

"Would that I had known sooner!" said the traveler. "All my life I have tried to pray, but I failed to reach the heights of heaven."

"Will you come with us on the morrow?" asked Pahn. "We go to witness the mystery of the Lord of Heaven's love." And so the three added a second new member to their little band.

The morning broke bright and warmer. The winds had died down, and the innkeeper's son came with great bowls of tea and kaoliang. With the easy curiosity of his race, the boy began the usual catechism to which all travelers in Manchukuo are subjected: "Where do you go? Where do you come from? What is your trade?"

The men laughed at the little inquisitor. "Now, now!" said Lao Hsiuh. "Is it fair that you ask all the questions, and we find no answers in you?"

"I have not been to school," said the boy simply.

"Oh, my questions are not from books," laughed Hsiuh. "They are from what you see about you: the hills, the

trees, the kaoliang in season, the streams, the sun, the stars, the moon. Who made them; who put them there?"

The boy's face lit up with a new light. "Oh, can you tell me, sir? I have often wondered. I have asked my father, but he says that they are there—that's enough. I asked him why we live differently from the animals, but when we die we seem to die as they do. I asked him—"

"Yes, yes!" broke in the innkeeper. "He asks questions all day long—questions that no one can answer."

"No, foolish one!" chided Lao Hsiuh. "Those questions all have an answer. As the boy says, we are created to be something better than the animals; we are created for a higher life here and hereafter."

"See, father, I told you so!"

"Hush, blockhead! You have too much tongue."

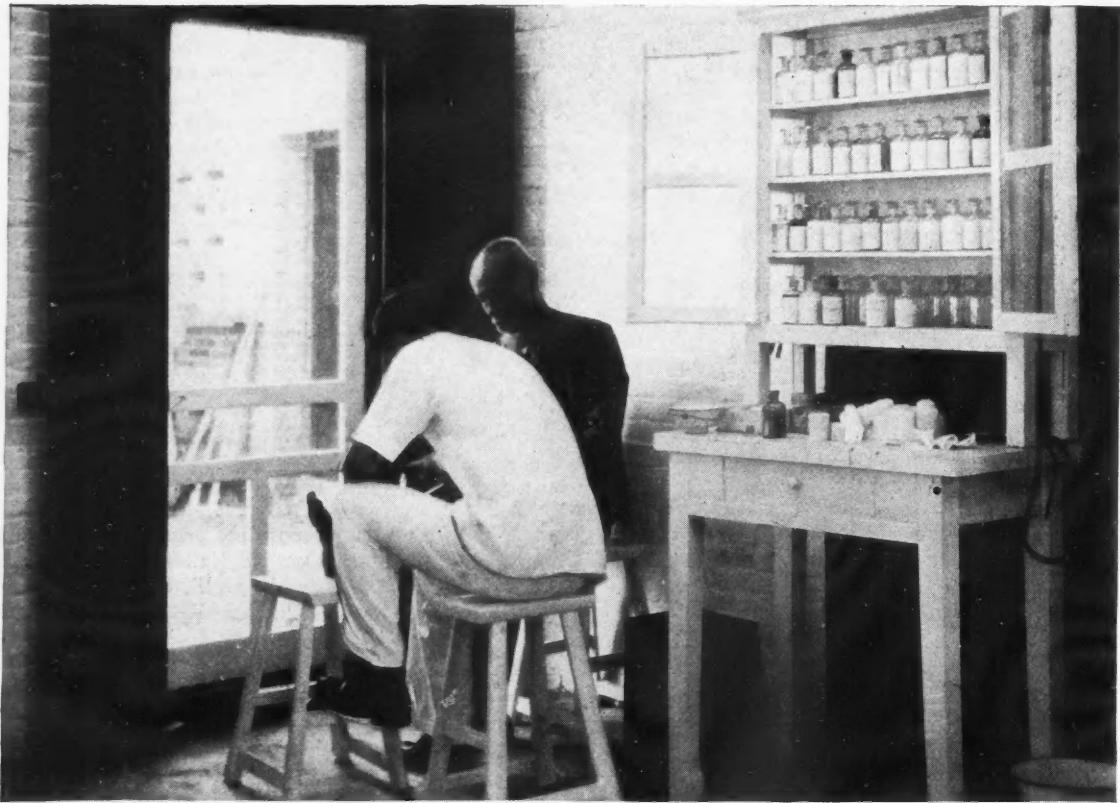
"Rather, the boy has had too little hearing, I should say," reproved Hsiuh. "Let him join us today. We go a half-day's journey to Antung. I will guide him carefully."

When the sun was crimsoning the western hills of Antung, the little party of six approached the mission. It was December twenty-fourth, and many Christians were gathered in the great Doctrine Hall.

"The three men from the east!" called out an old Christian. "But this time they have brought three others."



Editor's note: Father Winthrop told me the above story, and I thought it was almost too prosaic until he added: "Hsiuh, Pahn, and Tu didn't hurry back to Chingla that year. They stayed on for several weeks, and before they left, like the wise men, they gave the Divine Babe three splendid gifts: the souls of the boy, the traveler, and the bandit—gold, frankincense, and myrrh.



An American doctor in a Maryknoll South China mission dispensary

THE MEDICINE MAN

By Rev. James F. Smith

EVERY missioner is something of a medicine man, particularly when he makes his periodic rounds of the mission's outlying stations. On his arrival at one of these villages, he takes up his stand in the home of one of the Christians, and the show is on. Word gets around that the foreign priest has arrived with medicine that can drive away the fever, with quinine, worm pills, and eyewash. The priest needs no side show. He is usually the only foreigner who comes near the village, and he is attraction enough to draw even the healthiest for a "look-see." His height, the curl in his hair, the size of his nose, and the blue of his eyes are as good as a three-ring circus to these simple folk, and everyone knows that his medicines are good.

Having drawn all the unoccupied souls of the village into one place, the missioner will first of all manage to get in a few words on the Church and to invite all to attend the evening instruction and Mass the following morning. With plenty of simple remedies and an understanding

of their uses, a missioner can do wonders in breaking down the ingrained fear or distrust of foreigners, which is one of his greatest obstacles. Language difficulties and a hard climate can be passed off with a grin, if only he can feel that the people are really welcoming him, softening toward him, and opening their hearts a little to him and to that for which he came. No amount of fear or dislike will keep a mother from asking for medicine when she sees her baby suffering, or deter an alternately freezing and burning malaria victim from asking for quinine. Applicants are extremely grateful for this help which most of them could get in no other way, and they show their gratitude. Confidence takes the place of distrust as soon as they see that the missioner wants nothing from them except their good will. These people may never enter the Church, but through the use of a few inexpensive pills friends have been made, and the bamboo wireless whistles out the message far and wide—"The foreign priest has a good heart."

When Christ was on earth He went about doing good; He cured the blind, the lame, and the lepers, and even with Him there was only one leper who returned to thank Him. We cannot hope to do more, or to receive a greater return than did the Master.

STORYTELLING

By Sister M. Mercy

OLD Grandpa Mun was eighty-two years old last New Year's Day, and Joseph—"that little boy next door"—was ten. From the time Joseph was old enough to light Grandpa's pipe, the two had been the best of friends.

Joseph went to Grandpa's house every Sunday afternoon to hear the romance of old Korea. He loved the tales of valor, and would sit spellbound as Grandpa told over and over again the stories of the warriors of old. For four years Joseph had not missed a Sunday. He loved Grandpa very much; he was thrilled by the stories.

One Sunday in Advent Joseph was late in coming to Grandpa. The priest at Sunday school had urged the children to set about zealously to prepare their gift for the Christ Child. Like their mothers and fathers, they were to write out promises to try to bring at least one soul to the Christ Child during the coming year. They were to do all in their power by prayer, little sacrifices, good example, and persuasion, to bring the soul of their choice to the Infant Jesus.

"Here is my chance," said Joseph to himself. "I'm going to convert Grandpa Mun!"

The Sunday afternoon visits meant more to Joseph now. He thought Grandpa must be tired of telling the same stories over and over, so he decided to take his turn. He knew Grandpa would like the thrilling stories of the Korean martyrs, and he was sure Grandpa had never heard them before, so he decided to begin with them.

At the first trial, the old man was an attentive and interested listener, and he agreed with Joseph that the martyrs were as great as any of the Korean heroes. The next Sunday Grandpa asked for another story. After all, Joseph had heard the other tales often enough; and, besides, they seemed spiritless now in the ruddy light of these new martyr heroes. Eagerly and earnestly Joseph repeated the doctrine story of the day—Creation, Adam and Eve and



Grandpa Mun, who had started the storytelling, and Joseph, whose stories were voted best

their fall, and the promise of a Redeemer.

"You will understand the stories much better if you make the Sign of the Cross," counseled Joseph. So Grandpa learned the Sign of the Cross.

There was a new and interesting story every Sunday, and Grandpa began to help Joseph with the characters in the catechism. They started at the very beginning, and soon every day was Sunday, with a catechism class after school.

All this was Joseph's secret. Grandpa was to be a Christmas gift to the Christ Child. Then one morning just before Christmas, when Joseph was (Continued on page 19)

MARYKNOLL

THE FIELD AFAR

CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

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TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

New Bethlehems

We think of Christmas as a home celebration, but it is our homeless missionaries who most fittingly celebrate it by making God at home in the hearts of His people. With all their lack of holly wreaths and jingle bells, the rugged shepherds of the foreign legion reproduce the inner core of the mystery as they lead their neophytes to the feet of the Infant Savior, many of whom are greeting the heavenly Visitor for the first time at the roughly contrived mission crib. These new Bethlehems are reproductions, not mere representations; shrines where heaven opens as on the first Christmas to welcome new-found worshipers of the new-born King. True, they hear no heavenly harmonies and see no star. But sweeter than any song of angels is the smile of Mary for these long-lost children, and brighter than any star is the radiant grace imparted to them by her Son. In its essential features it is Bethlehem over again.

Missioners come closer than most of us to the real Christmas. We re-enact the scene, while they relive it.

Bethlehem and the World Church

A Christmas Message sent to all Maryknollers from the Superior General

As Christmas comes to a war-torn world, we raise our eyes from the confusion that surrounds us and take heart again in the blessed vision of peace that dawns with Bethlehem. The light of hope shines brightest when the gloom is deepest and darkest, and it is in war and turmoil that peace is most prized. Today the plight of the people is extreme.

We believe that a world convulsed in war makes a special call on our love for the people. And when we speak of the needs of the people, we believe that the most important solicitude for their welfare is that exercised by God Himself, who provided a divine religion to meet all their needs.

One of the most serious consequences of war is the severe dislocation of normal life that war always brings. It is a question if those who die from the weapons of war are not to be regarded as more fortunate than

those who are obliged to live in the conditions of war. It is hardly possible to exaggerate the awful dislocation of war. The separation of families, the alienation of friends, the deprivation of the necessities of life, the complete lack of the ordinary amenities of human existence, the breakdown of all facilities, the disruption of all normal activity, and above all the terrific mental, physical, and moral strain on the strength of weak human beings —these are the conditions of war.

We are conscious that our missioners are themselves subject in no small degree to the same conditions. We are of the people, and we live with and for the people. When they suffer, we suffer; when they are distressed, we make their distress our own.

It has been the experience of many of our missioners, both in the north and in the south, to labor under troublesome conditions from the very inception of Maryknoll's mission work. In the early days it was banditry, then communism, then civil war. The present situation, with its various alarms and tensions, makes mission work very difficult indeed. We have a tradition of meeting difficulties, however, and we look forward to our missioners carrying on the fine tradition set by their predecessors. From the beginning of Maryknoll, we have been told that our vocation called us to walk in the steps of Saint Francis Xavier and the great pioneer missioners of the past. We did not realize what that would entail. Living in a modern world whose watchword was material progress, we unconsciously assumed that the days of the pioneers were past and that we should never be faced with the actual conditions that confronted our predecessors in the apostolate. As our vocation unfolds, we realize that this was an illusion. Accordingly, we now discover that we are called upon for the same qualities that characterized the pioneer missioners of the early days. The same courage and perseverance that fortified the early missioners to submit to the stonings and persecutions of 1860 are now required of our missioners to face the strains and embarrassments of 1940. May we measure up equally well!

There is a golden thread that runs through all your activities. This is the definite aim that inheres in your

vocation and consecrates your life to the salvation of souls. This is your strength. Adhere to your central aim in all you do, and every effort you make will count. Every smile and every tear will fall into place, will cooperate unto good. Mission work is many-sided. Its scope can be defined as anything that contributes to its own specific objective of building up the Kingdom of Christ in souls. We think of mission work chiefly in some of its concrete details, but we should not lose sight of the fact that mission work is truly present in every detail that can in any way contribute to its success. It is mission work to assemble your catechumens and instruct them in the Faith, but it may be equally good mission work to climb six mountains on a sick call or to present a picture of an angel of charity to your refugees. Nobody knows which item will contribute most to the final success of the work, and we must simply believe that every item will contribute something when it is performed in the line of duty and with the purpose of furthering the cause. The man who strengthens five hundred missionaries by some glorious example, as was the case with Father Gerard Donovan, may have accomplished more for the mission cause than another whose work has been very visibly successful in the actual conversion of souls. We keep the great objective in view, and we meet the situations that arise with that in mind, trusting that whatever call God presents in the course of our work is an opportunity to further and strengthen the mission cause.

Within this orbit we undertake anything and everything that comes along. It may be the consoling activity of preaching to souls, or it may be the humdrum routine of teaching young missionaries the language with which they will preach to souls; it may be visiting the villages to make the Faith known all around and about, or it may be the scheming and planning and finding means to bring



Mystical painting of the Nativity from the brush of Chang Chi-ji. A bud represents the Christ Child; the birds are the shepherds.

Christian Faith to live by, but we must also make for them a Christian world to live in. The true missioner does not merely pass his days in mission work. He adds the vital spark of apostolic zeal that is forever seeking new forms and better methods to improve his mission work.

The final goal of the missions is to make a Christian world. The Catholic Church will succeed in its full measure when it shall have united the entire human race in the bond of the Faith in such a manner that the life and civilization of the entire globe are impregnated and directed by its principles.

There are possibilities in mission work as wide as the sky. And the need of the people for God is so great today that we must explore all. We are for anything and everything that will win for Christ Our Lord His rightful place as the Savior of His people and the Supreme Ruler of the world.

it about; it may be the palpably crucial function of training the native clergy and the native Sisters for the staffing of the future Church, or it may be the obscure and thankless task of disposing the authorities and gentry to look with good will and favor upon that future Church. It may be one of a thousand different things, but, if it contributes in any way to the central objective, it is mission work. Every act that helps the missions is a legitimate part of our vocation.

A man who spent his entire time in the unimaginative grind of routine mission work, without any thought of the thousand and one additional possibilities open to his initiative, would be curtailing the role God assigned to him. *He would be a missioner without being an apostle.* Every possibility should be explored to see if it represents an opportunity. As boundless as the needs of the people, are the ways and means the true apostle devises to help them. Our task is limitless. *We must not only give our people the Chris-*

WHEN WARS END

By
V. Rev. James M. Drought

UNPRINCIPLED warfare and the use of force for the attainment of perverse purposes are the instruments of a vaulting pride and of an unbridled ambition that are utterly godless. Lip service to democracy often deceives observers into identifying peoples with their governments.

The peoples of western civilization are predominantly Christian in sentiment, if not always in procedure; but it would be a mockery of the truth to say that the majority of modern governments profess Christianity for any other purpose than to cloak their iniquitous pursuits of power. Governments have appropriated Christianity as well as democracy only to commit crimes in the name of both. We may talk slightlying of kings and emperors and ruling classes in the ages long gone by; but it is practical to doubt if there was, in the long ago, a greater separation between people and their governments than there is today.

This is not political criticism. It is the record of a fact noted to explain, in part, the present scandal of conflict; and it is intended to warn against a possible future domination of countries, even of continents, by groups of men and women who are formally opposed, however fair their speech, to the doctrine and culture of Our Lord Jesus Christ.

It is not our purpose to attempt to fix responsibility for the present war. We know it ought to have been unnecessary; but the war, too, is a fact, the evils of which we must oppose, the disastrous consequences of which we must prevent, so far as may be.

One of the most insidious and pervading errors of our time is the fanatical belief in statism and racism. The propagandists of these doc-



1 FRENCH AFRICA

Among the tribes, 1,500,000 Africans have been converted. Can the 2,000 French missionaries remain at their posts?

2 BRITISH AFRICA

In South Africa there are 500,000 Catholics, and in the colonies 1,750,000. Will the 3,000 missionaries be kept at their posts?

5 MOSLEM WORLD

Will this titanic struggle make more remote than ever the calling of the 200,000,000 of the Moslem world to Christ?

6 INDIA

India has 3,000,000 Catholics and 10,000 native clergy and religious, but on its 5,000 foreign missionaries depends the advance

9 SOUTH SEA ISLANDS

500,000 Catholics on British and French islands here, have 1,500 missionaries. Can the Church continue to march forward?

10 RUSSIA

Russia continues sealed to the Gospel. Who will halt communism among the non-Christians of Asia and Africa?



3 BELGIAN AFRICA

Are 500,000
colonial
missionaries
posts?

Almost one-fifth of the Congo
tribes—over 2,000,000—are con-
verted. What fate awaits the
3,000 missionaries?

4 PORTUGUESE AFRICA

Portugal's homeland government
has lately given new life to the
Church's missions in its colonies.
Can the progress continue?

7 FRENCH INDO-CHINA

Catholics
and
10 foreign
advanc-
ers

1,500,000 Catholics are cared for
by 6,000 priests and religious.
Can 800 French priests continue
at their posts?

8 NETHERLANDS INDIES

The 400,000 native Catholics de-
pend on Dutch missionaries for
the Faith. Will Holland be able
to carry on?

11 CHINA

ed to the
salt com-
on-Chin-
ca?

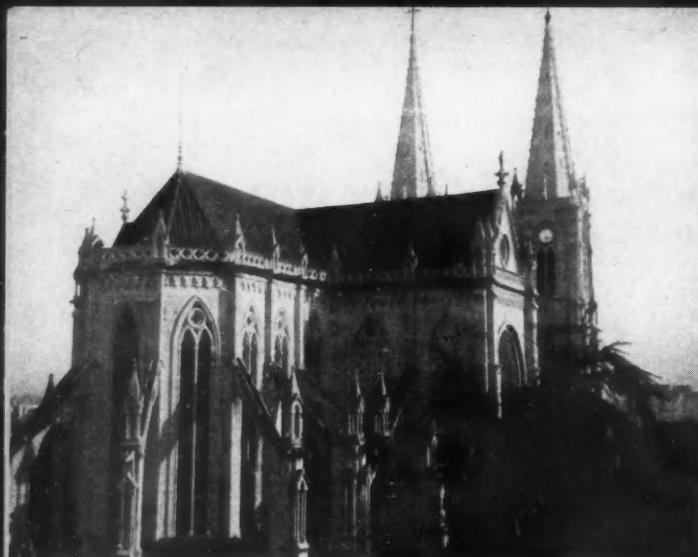
Can the Church continue to win
100,000 new members yearly?
Without reinforcements how will
the mission ranks be filled?

12 JAPANESE EMPIRE

The Church counts 350,000 mem-
bers in the Island Empire. Pray
for an advance of the Faith
among this intelligent people.

trines not only believe that the state is the most powerful instrument in society, but they believe the state is at once the motive power and the goal of social activity and individual effort. It is their additional fantastic notion that, within the state organism, the blood of race circulates to transmit existence and power. For them, the transcendent glory of the nation and the race is the highest goal of human endeavor. To this goal, all liberty, every form of freedom, the culture of the mind, the conscience of the soul, the faith, hope, and love that were distilled in the heart of the Savior—all must be subordinated.

Our Holy Father has said that this notion is a poisonous heresy. It is also a creeping revolution penetrating to the remote corners of the world. It is bounded by no fixed battle line, nor is it confronted by any force consciously dedicated to the defence of the sacrificial altars of truth. But, as it gains momentum and weight from multitudes of the weak, the confused, and the insecure, drawn in by the very force of its advance, there are scattered throughout the



What will become of
churches and schools
in the Orient built by
funds from abroad?

Right: Will the native
clergy alone be suffi-
cient to cope with all
missionary endeavor?



WHEN WARS END (Continued)

world, and even within the grotesque body of this ogre, companies of men and women who are not overwhelmed by terror but remain valiant and determined that liberty and freedom and peace shall be won through the cross of Christ.

Now, as long ago, a piercing and inspiring cry comes to us from afar: "In this sign, thou shalt conquer." This promise will support the bravery of our resistance and give confidence to our hope that the war's end shall not be a triumph of destruction; but that unsought and malicious wickedness of mass killing shall bring about its own defeat, the defeat of the spirit of darkness and despair in which it was begotten. The evil shall become its own conqueror, but only if, by the grace of God and in the courage of faith, we cause it to be so.

In the meantime, the boundary lines of territorial governments are being swept up. In itself, this may be a good thing; in itself, it may provide the larger framework which is so necessary and suitable for the structure of a Universal Church whose members, as children of God, know no distinction of separateness because of political, social, or racial affiliations. The Church is the society in which humankind are brothers in the creative hand of God and through the Blood of His universal salvation.

Missioners are the apostles of this utopia, the artificers of the framework of the universal Christian society. The world movement of communism paralleled their effort and deposited its own agents throughout the countries of the world. The propagandists of the total state now do likewise and quicken their infiltration by the power of force. Did they but seek to overthrow political regions for political or purely economic reasons, we could remain unconcerned. But it appears certain that for many of them

political sovereignty is not a goal, but rather an instrument and a channel for the transmission of the dark waters of disbelief and not the living waters of Faith.

In our Catholic challenge and defence, we must look beyond the confines of Europe, if we would discern the nature of the attack and devise the policy of protection. We must include within our concerned vision the lands of darkest Africa, the turbulent Moslem world, the

populous and tortured countries of the Far East. With few exceptions, the powers of various states have decreed that only nationals of their own countries can be missionaries in the regions under their control. They have labeled a missionary as a national agent rather than as an apostle of international peace and brotherhood. They are destroying the very concept which he represents. They are implementing the heretical doctrine that the religion of a country is dictated by its political sovereignty.

In French Colonial Africa over a million and a half Catholics depend upon two thousand missionaries, almost all of French origin. In the Belgian Congo there are millions of Catholics under the direction of Belgian missionaries, and converts are being made in vast numbers every year. In Portuguese and in Italian colonial possessions there are Portuguese and Italian priests. There are over a million and a half Catholics in French Indo-China; one half a million in the Dutch East Indies; over three million in India; and millions more in China and Japan.

Shall we stand idly by as spectators of a monumental moral disaster? Shall we not raise our voices above the current tumult to defend the sanctity of the belief that mankind is one in Christ? Shall we not warn from the housetops and towers of the world that the political governments of nations are cutting up the Mystical Body of Christ into segments of an artificial nationalism? They are jeopardizing, where they have not already overthrown, the labor of centuries, the sacrifice of millions, the martyred lives of missionaries and, above all this, the martyred life of a Divine Savior who prayed that we might all be one, who lived that we might love, and who died that we might love eternally. Let us courageously live, bravely speak, and, if need be, humbly die that the single garment, without seam, which He has placed about humanity, may not be torn apart by sacrilegious hands of



Can native bishops find subjects enough to carry on their work?

hate, of cruelty, and of insane ambition. "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done—*on earth*—as it is in heaven."

STORY TELLING

(Continued from page 13) hurrying off to school, Grandpa Mun's eldest son called excitedly to him, "Something terrible has happened to my father! He can't talk now, but I think you'd better come."

Joseph hurried to his friend's side. The old man was lying very pale and still, with the fingers of his right hand on his forehead. Joseph realized at once that Grandpa Mun was dead, and he wondered for a moment at the two old fingers resting on the forehead.

Said the eldest son: "He was very sick. He could not talk; he could not use his left hand; but he was making the Sign of the Cross with his right hand, and looking up and pointing up, and trying to make me understand what he could not say."

In an instant Joseph knew! Grandpa had been looking up to heaven; he had wanted to be baptized.

A great loneliness swept over the little fellow as he knelt there by the side of his old friend. And then suddenly Joseph realized that, after all, he had accomplished his purpose. Slowly he made his way from the house, but, once in the street, he ran like a flash to the church. Afire with enthusiasm he came quickly to the altar, and before the tabernacle, still panting breathlessly, he said: "I kept my promise, didn't I, Jesus? He knew the *whole* catechism! He had baptism of desire, didn't he? Now You've got my present, and it isn't even Christmas yet!"

The Holy Father's Mission Intention for December:
For all works which help the missions



RICHES COME TO THE HOUSE OF KUNG

By Rev. George L. Krock

LAO KUNG was a penniless guest who had outstayed his welcome with poor relations. When the harvest was long past, in the pale sunshine of the tenth moon he sat, disconsolate, in the courtyard, dangling on a cord his old tortoise shell. This shell was the sign of his trade, sorcery. He was thinking.

At the time of morning rice, when Ah Sam, his young nephew, had come in from the fields for the first meal of the day, peace had left Lao Kung's life, for Ah Sam had respectfully but firmly told him that the time of his departure had come.

Lao Kung had come from the mountains down to the house of Ah Sam in the springtime. Then the mimosa and the persimmon trees were in flower, and the streams of fresh water, bubbling in quick glad leaps, had hurried down to the waiting fields, to the growing rice that made a jade pattern of changing green about the house—the house that stood, old under its mellow tiles, serene and safe in the midst. He had been welcomed then, for a child was expected, and it was the season of planting, and they dared do nothing that might displease the gods of hearth and field. But the child that was born was only a girl, and the rice crop had not produced its promise.

In the evening, in the quiet time when the afternoon had slipped off to look at the moon, the nephew came back leading the buffalo from the fields, and words came from his mouth again.

"Now is the heat over, Old One. Please get up and go to the cities by the sea. We are poor, and the little ones grow thin. Take pity on us! At the Heaven Lord's church in the village is a refuge for the old. The foreign priest will give you rice and let you sit idle in the sun all day."

So the old man put his hands deep into his sleeves and simply took himself off to the Hall of Old Men, where he was welcomed and invited to stay.

There each day he saw the priest offer a sacrifice before a strange altar. It was, the priest told him, erected to honor a little Child who had been born in a stable. This Child had been very good, and when He became a Man He had done wonderful things. Lao Kung took professional interest in a Man who had raised the dead to life, had spoken to lepers and made them clean. How such a one would have been honored in China!—but He had been killed in His own country. This puzzled the old man. He pondered over the words again and again.

Then new wonders gradually came to his old ears. He learned that this Great One had risen from His

No longer could the small fields of this House of Kung support an extra mouth. Famine was near; Lao Kung must go.

grave after three days. Lao Kung gasped, "And then, Father, did He punish those wicked ones—did He make them all very small and put them into His own grave?"

The priest, smiling, shook his head and said, "No! He still loved them."

Lao Kung thought this story strange. He could not understand. But the priest said there was no need to understand—only to believe; and he found himself, slowly, wanting to believe.

When the Christ Child's birthday came, there was a wonderful celebration, Christians from all the nearby towns came to the mission; and at the hour of midnight they all went to the chapel, singing hymns and carrying bright candles. There were green branches hung from the beams above, and the priest was dressed in white vestments, sewn with threads of gold. When he turned to speak to the people, it was the Story of the Child he told again; and the people, squatting on the floor, were very still—they bowed their heads, and an old woman cried softly. Later all of the Christians went up and received Him on their tongues.

Lao Kung, far in the back, where the wind blew on his heels and the cold rain splashed on him, watched yearningly. He must ask the priest to let him do that, too. Oh, just once, before he went "over the mountain"!

Soon he was studying the doctrine and memorizing it by singing it aloud.

When Christmas came round again, Lao Kung was a Christian, and his joy was complete. On that Christmas Day he walked out to the house of his nephew, and he carried a gift of red cakes in a round wooden tray. When he entered, his nephew gazed with surprise at the clean black gown and at the gift which Lao Kung presented, saying, "Because today there is born to us a Son."

The nephew asked the old man to explain—but that's another story.





Christmas . . . Special Delivery

As far as the neighbors could see, week days were much the same for Maria Sato as for the other Japanese women in the Manchu city of Harbin, but they knew that on Sundays Maria, with her two little brothers, went to the Catholic church where the Polish people worshiped.

Two years ago Maria's father had gone from Dairen to Harbin, leaving to the motherless girl the responsibility of preserving the faith, not only of her two little brothers, but also of a Korean boy who had been taken into their home. Maria was only eighteen at the time, and so she looked to the Maryknoll Sisters in Dairen for guidance.

A valued member of the choir, president of the girls' sodality, catechism teacher extraordinary, the young girl found great happiness in the practice of her religion. The Sisters found customers for her paintings and needlework, and her father continued sending a small monthly allow-

THE MARYKNOLL SISTERS

ance for the boys.

Then the edge of war made itself felt even as far north as Manchukuo. Maria and her charges moved to a smaller flat. Her father wrote from Harbin, explaining how difficult it was for him to support two houses and urging the family to leave Dairen and come north.

Once more, Maria packed the little family's belongings, and tears fell into each basket as the girl realized all that she was leaving. But Japanese girls must be humble and obedient, and so to Harbin she went with John and Sebastian and the Korean boy, Christopher.

In the northern city it was sad not to understand one word of the sermon, but it was harder still to learn that



nowhere in Harbin could they go to confession in Japanese. There used to be a book printed in Japanese and Latin, which penitents could use for confession to a priest who did not understand their language, but this was out of print. And so Sunday after Sunday passed, as did the

great feasts, and still no confession. At last Christmas was coming! Christmas without Communion? That was unthinkable. Maria could think of only one way out. They would make their confession by mail! She wrote out her sins. She had the boys write theirs, each sealing his confession in a separate envelope. Then she enclosed all in a letter to a priest in Japan.

If only she had thought of this sooner! Now there were only a few days left. She sent the letter by air mail, special delivery, and prayed that an answer would come before the great feast.

Every night the boys went over the beautiful story of Christmas and talked of the happy days in Dairen—and especially of the rehearsals for the children's Christmas play. Even John could remember when his sister had been Our Lady. Only last year Sebastian had been Saint Joseph. They would miss the play this year. But that wouldn't matter, if they could only receive Communion on Christmas morning. How they prayed each night!

"If we have to stay in our seats and just look at the Infant in the crib, instead of going up to the altar to receive Him into our hearts, it will not seem like Bethlehem," said the oldest boy one evening.

As Christmas drew nearer, their faith was put more and more to the test. Finally, on the twenty-fourth, when Maria was cooking the evening rice, she heard footsteps outside. She hardly dared hope it was the mailman. She sent little John to open the door.

"Air-mail letter for Yoshiko San," announced the postman, bowing low.

Maria almost let the rice burn, so excited was she, while she opened and read the letter and looked at the three enclosures.

Each one's confession had been translated into

Latin, and at the end of each there was a penance in Latin with its Japanese equivalent. There was also a letter of recommendation to the Polish priest.

It was all a mystery to their father—how they could be so happy, yet hardly take time to eat their rice before rushing out into the biting cold.

Slipping her hand inside her kimono to make sure the precious letter was there, Maria said to the boys: "It will be Bethlehem for us, after all! This is truly a miracle—a very modern one! We have found our way to Bethlehem by air mail, special delivery!"

AS YOUR GIFT TO THE CHRIST CHILD

Sponsor a Sister to spread the Faith in your name for as many days a month as you can. One dollar sponsors a Sister for one day.

Address: Mother Mary Joseph,
Maryknoll P.O., N.Y.



Maria, with John and Sebastian and the Korean boy, Christopher, now far removed from the scene, recalled the busy Christmas days at the Dairen mission.



CATHEDRAL IN ADOBE

By Most Rev. Francis X. Ford



IT was something of a shock today to realize how history repeats itself. This is not a very original observation, to be sure, but most old saws are striking only when they strike home. I was reading the story of the old Spanish missions and their use of adobe in building, when a magazine article praising the fitness of that material caught my eye. America seems to be rediscovering adobe as prime matter for sunny soils.

It's a temptation for a missionary in China to be supercilious about many western "discoveries," as a surprising number of them are commonplaces to the Oriental. It would take us too far afield to instance examples here at any length, but I cannot help remarking that jitterbug "swing" with its emphasis on the up-beat is essentially the same as that played in China for centuries; Chinese even "ad lib" in their notation of music, scoring the theme much more simply than it is sung, allowing full play for grace notes as the singer desires. Again, the nebulous character of Chinese painting is imitated by the modern impressionistic school, but with less success, partly because of a lack of religion in western concepts and over stress of the human form when it is not divine. In the field of economics, too, the Chinese discovered centuries ago the wisdom of working in the town and living in the country in order to liberate the workman from the thrall of fluctuating trade.

So the rediscovery of adobe again puts China abreast of the western world in architecture, though the ten thousand house owners in this Chinese city never gave a thought to be in style.

To build in adobe, one must foresee the needs a year in advance: sand is dug out of the river only in the dry season of the winter months, earth is gathered only outside of planting time between the two yearly crops, lime is baked and stones carried only in free time and when the brushwood on the hills is cut, and the permit from the Government to build within city limits, for mysterious reasons known only to the officials, takes several months for the signing—all of which is a practical course in patience for the missionary who needs his chapel.

For anyone planning a large structure such as a church, there is little help in native construction. Chinese temples are built to house the altar, with little accommodation for devotees.

A few far-sighted and courageous attempts have been made to modify Chinese models to fit modern conditions, but each essay is breaking new ground in one way or another, as local masons and carpenters are limited in experience. Therefore, the effort to adapt adobe to large edifices, while still conforming to Chinese architecture, is a test that would delight jaded American architects. The problem is one of low, horizontal, not vertical, lines; with walls unbroken by windows as far as possible, yet with light enough for modern congregations to read their prayer books; with emphasis on foundation and roof.

Old Chinese temples, if enlarged, would present a forest of columns to obstruct the view; moreover, though the dark interiors are awesome in effect, they bespeak the nether regions, alien to a joyous Easter message. With the entire congregation following the Mass with appropriate prayers in unison, in China, we need churches that allow well-lighted, unobstructed view and that bring the people closer to the altar. The one advantage of the temple style which can be adapted easily is the placing of the altar in the center of the building, not at one end: this makes the long axis the facade, with a pleasing symmetry.

Fortunately the site of our church is on a bend in the river, in full view of half the city, and, though the ground is not extensive, the width of the river is a good substitute. The building will be framed by feathery bamboo. The long stretch of the stream on either side prolongs the vista, and boatmen a mile away will be able to glimpse the church before they see the city.

So we began two years ago to draw the plans. A church in China means much more than one in western countries. Besides the major section devoted to worship, there must be a large doctrine hall and several smaller classrooms where religion can be systematically expounded to catechumens; accommodation must be provided for catechists and cooks, as well as for the pastor; and there

must be facilities for cooking and eating and bathing, for the hundreds who arrive, after walking distances, for feast days. The "compound," as it is called in China, must be a miniature community center with its own water supply and lighting system, vegetable garden and pigpen, and storage rooms for rice and the mechanism for hulling it. Unless all this is planned compactly, confusion will result.

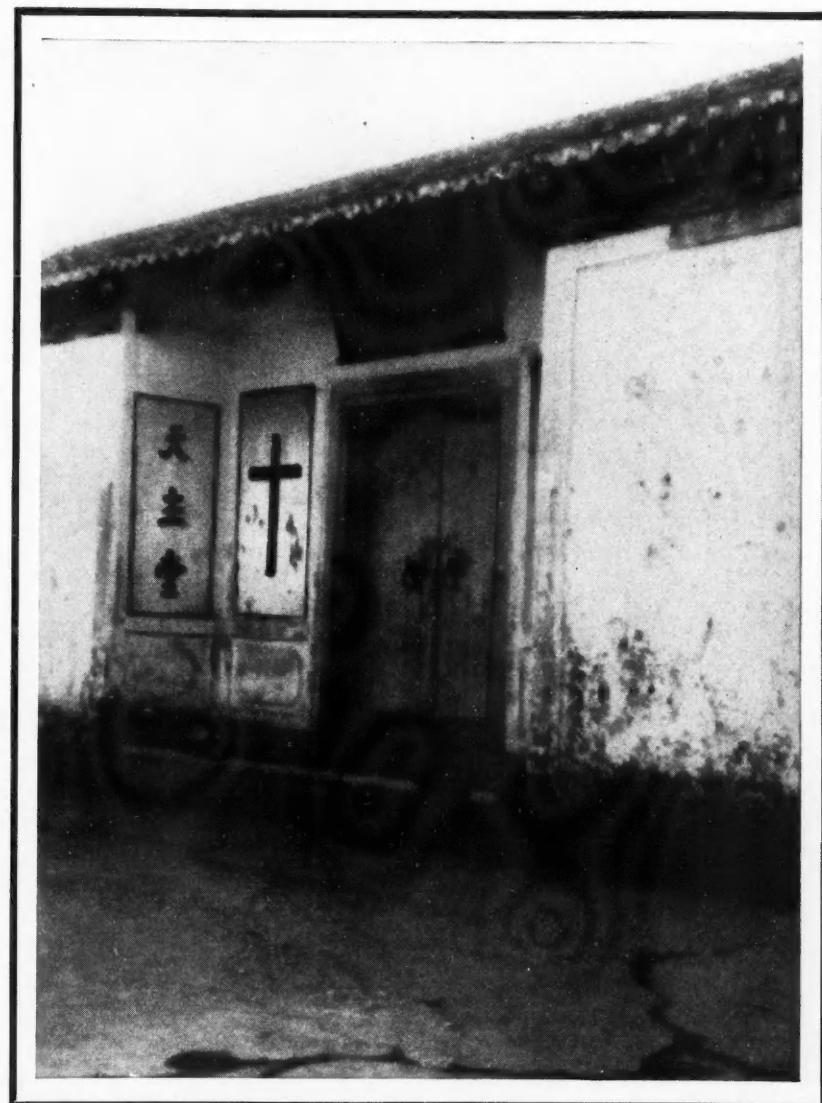
While the plans are being hatched, no time is lost in accumulating sand and lime and earth, every pound of which must be weighed and paid for by the load. For a year before a sod is turned, hundreds of women wear paths to the river bank gathering the material. The delay allows ample revision of the plans for the last-minute changes that inevitably suggest themselves—and, in China, such changes are not entered in the costs.

The long wait allows us also to gather more contributions from our Chinese. These people are generous, according to their means, for any new project, but imitate other highlanders in sustained help, so it is important to give them plenty of time to fulfill their obligations. Since broaching the question of a church, we have received from our Chinese more than 25,000 national dollars (one dollar is a normal day's pay hereabouts) for the cathedral fund, which equals three days' pay from every man and woman in the vicariate. For mountaineers who are obliged to be thrifty in their struggle with poor land, the sacrifices were considerable, especially as there was no organized collection.

Fifteen years ago, when we first opened a rented shop as a makeshift chapel, the few Christians were promised a church as soon as they themselves should pay for it. The congregation grew, and even the larger quarters which we next rented were much too small to house them all. Our determination—to build only when they con-

tributed for a new church—gradually weakened. But vanity and the conviction that the cathedral should be the expression of their faith sustained us until now, and their sacrifices have justified our hopes.

The building will soon rise. It will be of local sand and lime and straw, carried by our local Catholics and paid for in great part by their offerings; and its walls will be pounded and kneaded into shape out of the very material nature supplies us with close at hand. The altar will be of local granite; the pews made from nearby trees floated down the river; the roof-tiles burned by Catholics less than a mile away. History repeats itself, and Junipero Serra must smile from heaven at our pride in our adobe cathedral. Please God, some day soon a local padre, a priest of the soil, will be its pastor.



An adobe church in the Kaying Vicariate served as pro-cathedral for several years.

GREEN PASTURES IN MANCHULAND

By Rev. Edward A. McGurkin



Yang Te Chung, sixty-four-year-old convert of Chin Chow, tells in his own words how he was led into the fold of the Good Shepherd.

I WAS fifty-seven years old when I heard the good news for the first time. Alone and without adequate means of support, I had sought my niece, Wang Su Fan, living then at Ying K'ou, where her husband was in charge of the telephone and telegraph services. Never did I dream what hospitality was in store for me.

My niece had already confessed the Lord of Heaven. She told me I should know Him, love Him, serve Him, should become Catholic. It was a seed planted, but I objected: "It is hard, very hard to become a Catholic." Superstition had deep roots in me; very hard to dig out.

My niece moved to Dairen with her husband. I went, too. Had life of ease—ate, slept, gossiped, smoked. Younger sister, Yang Hsiang Lin, nun in a Buddhist convent at Chin Chow, died just then. I felt disgust for everything in the world. All confidence and support seemed to abandon me. My niece saw my condition and urged me more and more: "You are an old man. Before long, you must die. Quickly get your soul ready."

I had read her books and knew something about the Catholics and what they believed, so I said: "You Catholics always have Holy Spirit with you. Little Theresa, the saint, is very powerful. Ask her to give me a dream today to make me become a Catholic." (At that time I felt my request was reasonable, though now it seems not right.) My niece prayed for me.

That night I dreamed I was entering a walled town. All I saw around me—the town and its scenery—was beautiful beyond words. There is nothing on earth to compare with what I saw. I walked ahead for about a mile till I came upon a broad stream. The current was strong and turbulent, carrying along rocks and sand. A sandy beach was on the farther side, but, for the rest, the water and sky seemed to come together like the hori-

zon when one looks out to sea. As I stood admiring the scene, I heard a voice calling my name.

I was frightened, but I turned and saw a man standing. He wore a long, beautiful, blue gown and had straw sandals on his feet. In his hand was a staff. He had a beard. His head was covered with a sort of black turban with folds which fell away over his shoulder like a cape. He stood in a little, green, grassy spot among the rocks, and he was surrounded by a flock of sheep. The sun, low in the heavens, shone down at a sharp angle, and the rays were reflected splendidly on the rocks in a mass of glory.

There were very many sheep; some were grazing, some were resting, and others were skipping and frolicking about. I felt a great liking for those sheep. The man said to me: "These sheep are very numerous. You can never finish counting them."

I said: "Can there indeed be so many?"

He said: "You have a rosary. Use it to count them."

Beside me I saw an enormous rosary. Its chain was as thick as my finger, and the beads were as large as walnuts. Exerting all my strength, I picked up the rosary and started to count the sheep, but after a little while seemed to get nowhere—there were too many. The man said: "If you cannot count the sheep, you may go back." Then my niece appeared, telling me the same. I pulled myself together and with all my strength tried to pass over the stream. Then I woke up.

(All this is true. I actually dreamed it. Nothing has been added afterwards. Far be it from me to deceive anyone, much less the Father. My only motive is to let the Father know all I went through, and to express my thanks to God.)

The next day I told my niece about the dream and asked her, "What doctrine do the sheep typify?"

She waited a moment, and then, showing me a picture, said: "Look! And still you don't believe!"

I saw a shepherd with a little lamb folded in his arms. Two or three sheep were standing on the ground beside

him. The man had a very lovable expression. Even then I did not understand. I wanted to know all the details. Wang Su Fan said, "Perhaps you should go to the church and ask the teachers."

I was angry with myself and depressed because I didn't understand, but I was anxious to know all about it, and so I went off, like one dazed, in search of the teachers.

At the church I recounted the whole affair to Teacher Chang Wen Feng. He let me say all, he listened to the very end, and then kindly, very reverently, he told me the life of Jesus, and he explained all about the Good Shepherd. He talked, discussed, answered my questions, and explained till after dark. Then I went home and told Wang Su Fan. I understood at last and was very happy. We were both very happy.

Right after that incident, my niece had to move to Hsin King, the capital, because her husband had been transferred to a position in the telephone and telegraph services there. There was no home for me in Dairen, so I went back to Chin Chow.

I went to live at the Peaceful Mountain Monastery. This was a pagan temple, but still I did not forget all that I had learned at the Catholic church, and I had with me a catechism, a Life of Christ, the New Testament, Old Testament stories, and a prayer book. Every day I went for a walk in the hills, prayed, and read these books.

All this happened when I was sixty years old. The following year I abandoned the temple, left the mountain, returned to the town, and became a schoolteacher. I was teaching only eight days when I fell gravely ill.

When the sickness left me I was too weak to do any work. Often I would wander off to the hills. Trees, flowers, rocks, and streams—I visited them all daily, every day till autumn. I got to thinking about the grass withering up and dying; the leaves of the trees changing color, drying, and falling to the ground; overhead the wild geese flying away to the south. I mused, too, over my own white hairs and missing teeth. I was weak and felt that I had declined considerably.

One day I was more conscious than usual that my own winter was drawing near. Wasn't there something I could do to ward off what I knew was overtaking me? Wasn't there something that would ensure me unending life, days without end? So long and so deeply did I ponder over these things that I forgot everything, and nightfall found me still in the mountains far from home.

When I reached home, I couldn't get to sleep. These thoughts kept coming back to trouble me. Should I go to Dairen to see the Father? How would he receive me? I had delayed and postponed so long. If I did not go, what then? My conscience would

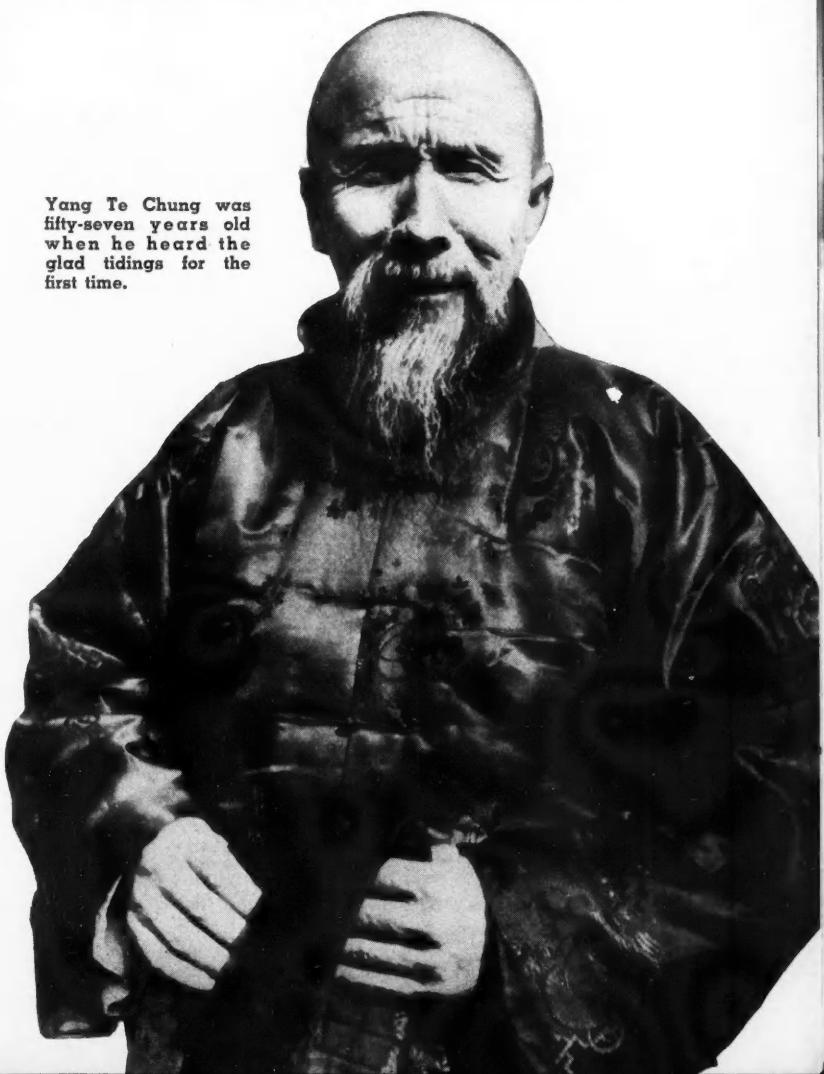
not let me decide not to go. Even while I lay there, without sleep, the leaves falling from the trees brushed against the windows, warning me that my autumn was at hand and that winter would not be far off. I must get ready.

With the coming of dawn, I got up, washed, put on my best clothes, and went off to Dairen in high spirits. I saw all the teachers and told them why I had come. They welcomed me with great kindness. When I saw *Hu Shen Fu* (Father Hewitt), I told him all that was in my heart, and I begged him: "Father, don't cast me off! Don't prevent me! Save me!"

The Father was very kind and knowing, and he consoled me and brought much peace to my heart. I did not know whether I ought to weep or shout for joy. At the end Father said: "We will test your doctrine. If you are ready, you may be baptized at Christmas." I got down to work at once with the teachers at the mission and went over and over the doctrine books.

When I went back to Chin Chow, I put my whole heart and soul into getting (*Continued on page 31*)

Yang Te Chung was fifty-seven years old when he heard the glad tidings for the first time.





THE MARYKNOLL BOOKSHELF



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BOOKS - PAMPHLETS - STORY LEAFLETS - MAGAZINES - PLAYS - FILMS - STUDY UNITS

A Seminary Rector says—

We are just getting our new preparatory seminary under way, and I want to start the young men off in the right spirit. This book is just the thing for refectory reading — inspiring without being too technical.

A Bishop says—

Once I opened the book to see what it was like, I could not leave it unfinished. It is delightfully done.

A Yale Professor says—

I took the opportunity of a train trip early this week to read *When the Sorghum Was High* and found it thrilling. Father Donovan's life in itself is stirring and inspiring, and Father Considine has given it a worthy written record.

"Pro Parvulis" says—

During high-school years there comes a period in most young people's lives when the interest in missions and missionaries seems to them to belong with the things of childhood; to belong with the days when one carefully saved yeast-cake papers, chocolate candy's tinfoil, big brother's cigarette tinfoil, in order to "buy" a baby in darkest Africa or China!

So perhaps one happy promise of Father Considine's story of Father Jerry Donovan—the book with the so-poignant title, *When the Sorghum Was High*—is that it can be expected to give a new shape and sharp reality to the mission fields. It should lift the weights from many young eyes whose interest in far-eastern drama drowns under the mass of newspaper publicity for Asiatic politics and wars. . . .

It is always a joy to send forth a book so vibrant with inspiration as the present Book Club selection for senior high schools. . . .

"The Commonwealth" says—

Father Gerard A. Donovan was a jolly Irish-American boy who followed an early vocation to the priesthood as a Maryknoll missioner. His short but intense years in the sacred ministry were crowned with martyrdom in China "when the sorghum was high."

The background of Chinese life, the incidental pictures of a Maryknoll missioner's ambitions and ideals, are sensitively and vividly sketched by Father Considine. Even the final torture is described with charm and glory; you read through to the last page at one reading, and close the book with exultation and tears. And between the lines you read the admiration and perhaps the envy of a confrere for a life that could compress so much of service and modest heroism into so few years.

The book as bookmaking is beautifully designed and printed. It is difficult to review it except in superlatives. It is that kind of book.

An S.P.F. Director—

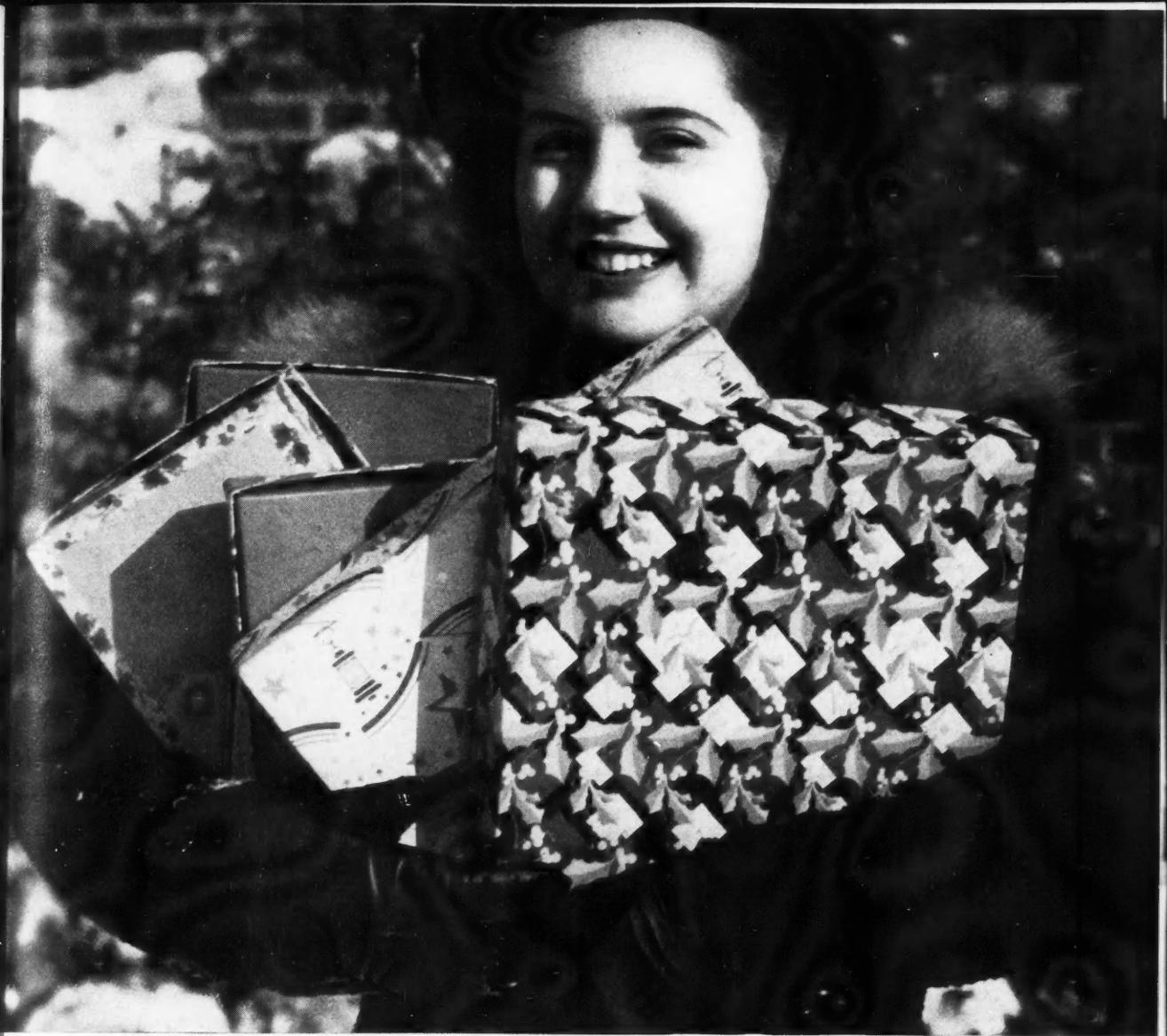
I read the book with a great deal of interest, and I feel that, if it can be put into the

hands of our young boys, it will go far towards stimulating a real interest in foreign-mission vocations.

A Sister Superior says—

It is such a good story! The background is so well and so unobtrusively done, but what makes me like it most is its presentation of Father Jerry. This is done in such a way that those of us who knew him can recognize him in every page, and those of us who did not, feel that we are being largely compensated for that deprivation.

Order for Christmas, now! Order blank—page 32



CHRISTMAS GIFTS

HERE will be gifts for Mother, Dad, Aunt Sue, and the rest of the family, but what about one for that young American missioner, away over there at the other end of the earth? Few outside his little flock know about him and the many difficulties he meets in bringing to souls the beautiful story of Christmas. He is one who is building, these days, while others are destroying! How about a gift for him? He doesn't ask for a box of cigars, a new radio, or a few pairs of silk socks. The bare necessities of life for him and his people are his concern, for this Christmas and for all the coming year. So a

very acceptable and practical gift would be for you to provide for his support (at \$1 a day) for some days a month—any number you like, even one or two. It requires no stretch of the imagination to see that a gift like this is a gift to Christ Himself, and to yourself as well. Don't forget that he who shares in the sacrifice of an apostle shares also in his reward.

Clip this coupon today, lest the rush of other Christmas gifts should cause you to forget it.

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll P. O., New York

Dear Fathers:

You may send me a monthly reminder for the support of a Maryknoll missioner for days of each month. I understand that I may discontinue this whenever I wish.

NAME

ADDRESS

One who supports a Maryknoller for 30, 20, 10, or 5 days (or even one day) each month, at \$1 a day, is a Maryknoll Sponsor and shares in the spiritual privileges of the Society. Maryknoll priests offer their Masses each Friday exclusively for all their benefactors.

A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

A LETTER from an "old" Maryknoller—old, because he came to this hilltop in horse-and-buggy days—carries a fine point for these holidays. He wrote:

"One of the first memories I have of Maryknoll—and one which seemed to sound the keynote of our Society—was a talk given by our late cofounder, Bishop Walsh, at a Thanksgiving Day Mass. He urged us to foster a deep sense of gratitude: first to God, for His countless blessings; and secondly to our benefactors. We probably understood the first part well enough; it was the second point he enlarged upon. 'God inspires our benefactors to help us,' he said, 'and their least alms—be it spiritual or material—is so great that we can never be too warm in our gratitude to them. Under God we owe them everything.'"

There is probably no season of the year when we appreciate that fact more than at Christmas time, when men, unmindful of their own needs, make an effort to think of the needs of others. As far as that goes, we could say that all times are evidently Christmas times for Maryknoll benefactors, whose generosity is proverbial. But the season itself gives us another opportunity to say to our benefactors that we will place all their gifts in spirit at the foot of the crib and ask the Christ Child to raise His little hand in blessing over all those who have helped us and our work during the past year.

For many that offering, that gift, could be made only at the cost of a great sacrifice. God and the work of His missionaries took first place in their hearts, even though this meant a great act of self-denial. Stamped with so valuable a hallmark, surely it is bound to draw still greater blessings.

SPONSORS still continue to edify and surprise us with their letters. One wrote recently: "I am a nurse and have been sponsoring a Maryknoll missioner for two days a month. Lately I have had no work. Afraid that I could not send my offering, I made a novena to Father Jerry Donovan, asking him to help me in feeding his missionary brothers. On the first day of the novena I received some work, and on the ninth day a permanent job. I enclose two months' offerings—thanks to Father Donovan."

—Missouri

READERS "Hurry up and renew my membership in Maryknoll! I say 'hurry up' because I don't want to miss one copy of **THE FIELD AFAR**. It is so well written that once I start reading it I am transported, as it were, to all the places described. I can't resist turning to the next article. When I finish it and 'come back to earth,' everything seems mighty dull." —Massachusetts

DIME CARDS "I have been making a novena for a very much-needed favor. Instead of lighting a vigil light each day during these nine days, I have put a dime a day in my coin card. Now, my favor granted, I am making a novena of thanksgiving, so send me another card. This is the most painless way I have ever found to help a cause so worthy of support." —Oregon

GIFTS "The enclosed is just a little gift for some missioner's Christmas. I lost my job in October and haven't found anything yet, but I thought that, if I made this sacrifice for someone 'over there' who has a big job

Mission Unit, St. Francis College, Brooklyn



on his hands, his prayers at Christmas might help me to land some work. I shouldn't tell you, Father, but I get an awful thrill out of doing this."

—California

FROM THE POOR "We did not intend to renew our membership, because my wife and I have both been out of work! When we talked it over, though, we decided we could do without some things—but not without the prayers of your missionaries. I hope your other subscribers will make up for our deficiency. As for us—we are convinced that the good Lord will provide."

—Pennsylvania

PERPETUAL MEMBERSHIP "Here is my last offering for perpetual membership. How happy it makes me feel to know that from now on—through eternity—I shall be having an active part in all the prayers, Masses, and labors of your missionaries! My membership is very highly valued by me. I have received many blessings in the past, and I am sure they have all come from the little part I have been able to play in aiding your work."

—Michigan

ANNUITIES "Thanks for my annuity check. I wish I could write some time and say, 'Don't send the check this month—apply it to some need you have,' but I have scarcely enough on which to get along. Soon the good God will 'let me go home' I hope, and then you will be able to use all of my poor little loan. May it go far for souls."

—New Hampshire

To our benefactors in all these divisions, in humble and heartfelt gratitude we say: A blessed, grace-filled Christmas!

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GREEN PASTURES IN MANCHULAND

(Continued from page 27) ready for Baptism. My hope for Baptism was firm and unwavering.

The days passed quickly, and Christmas (1939) was soon at hand. I arrived at the mission in Dairen two days before Christmas. I asked Teacher Lou to be my godfather. On Christmas Eve I was baptized. At Mass I received my First Communion. What a marvel! Truly hard to believe—I, so great a sinner, became united, became one, with my Lord and Savior, my God Jesus!

God showered all His gifts on me. All my longings of sixty-three years were answered and fully filled on that happy day. Henceforth I will battle every day against the world, the flesh, and the devil, and will make every effort to keep whole and intact this wonderful Favoring

THE MONTH'S PRIZE LETTER

Dear Fathers:

Depression has hit us real hard this year, and so we have had to watch the pennies very closely. Last Sunday at Mass my oldest son and I heard your priest speak about Maryknoll and the missionaries. We both promised at different Masses to take a membership in Maryknoll, but now we have to cancel one or the other. My son says to cancel his so that all the spiritual benefits of your work may come to Mother, and I am to see that they are ap- plied where most needed.

My husband died two years ago, and the same night my baby son was born. There are five other children. My oldest is eighteen years old, and he is trying hard to help with the family finances. He has some work now, so we felt his first dollar should go to the missions.

It is hard, sometimes, trying to be father and mother, but I am raising my little brood in the love of our dear Lord, and I know His grace is sufficient for me.

We are all going to make a special Christmas novena for the missionaries. Please, Father, pray for us, too.

—Mrs. M. C., New York

Love (sanctifying grace), which has been given me by God. I will work to merit and make my way to heaven.

DEPARTED FRIENDS

Please remember in your prayers the souls of these Maryknoll friends who have recently died:

Reverend John Toujas; Reverend Father Moore; Brother Francis Xavier, C. F. X.; Sr. Mary Celestine Wall; Sr. M. Aimee Parrish; Mr. John J. Griffin; Mr. Henry Le Coeur; Mrs. Ellen Kehoe; Mr. H. Brachtesende; Robert C. O'Donnell; James A. Fitzpatrick; Mr. Patrick Murphy; Bridget Murphy; Mr. John Maughan; Catherine Maughan; Mr. Simon Cohill; Mrs. James Cornwell; Mr. John R. Meehan; Mr. George Ackerman; Mr. C. J. Manley; Mrs. Agnes N. Snow; Mrs. W. Scott; Miss Caroline Prior; Mr. James W. Heffernan; Mr. James Kissane; Dr. Forbes Robert Hawkes; Adele Hanford; Mrs. Mary O' Connell; Mrs. Mary E. Glock; Mr. Frank Hass; Mr. Frank De Buono; Mr. A. G. Dearhamer; Miss Rose A. Brown; Miss Amalia Trimbach; Mr. Timothy Curran; Mr. William J. Carmody; Miss Evelyn Curry; Mr. W. J. Mahoney; Mrs. A. Bearwald; Mr. Francis A. McFadden; Mrs. Emil T. Mazy; Mr. Patrick W. Clark; Mrs. Catherine Kelly; Mrs. Catherine Sweeney; Hattie Remelt; Miss Mary Thomas; Miss Alice Vignos; Mr. John Reilly; Mary E. Cooper; Saul Canavan; Mr. Alexander Reding; Miss Margaret Casey; Miss Mary Manning; Miss Mae Durind; Mrs. J. Baumgartner; Mrs. G. Yakominic; Mrs. H. McCarthy; Miss Nora M. Dorgan; Mr. Charles P. Davis; Mr. H. K. Grinager; Mr. John B. Casey; Mrs. Catherine Boyle; Mrs. Mary Harkins; Mrs. E. Felton; Mr. P. A. Sullivan; Mrs. Agnes W. Storer; Mrs. Charles A. Wagner; Mr. William Lockhart.

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For Kongmoon missionaries: Catholic Mission, Kongmoon, Kwangtung Province, China

For Kweilin missionaries: Catholic Mission, Kweilin, Kwangsi Province, China

For Kyoto missionaries: Maryknoll, Kyoto, Japan

For Chosen missionaries: Catholic Mission, P.O. Box 23, Heijo, Chosen.

For Wuchow missionaries: Catholic Mission, Wuchow, Kwangsi Province, China

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Japan: Higashi Takeyamachi, Sakyoku, Kyoto, Japan

Chosen: Catholic Mission, 257 Sangsukuri, Box 23, Heijo, Chosen.

Manchukuo: Catholic Mission, Dairen

Pacific Coast: 425 South Boyle Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

Philippines: St. Mary's Hall, Manila

South China: Waterloo Road, Kowloon Tong, Hong Kong

MARYKNOLL WANT ADS

YOU MAY STAY," a little fellow in Kongmoon's school was told. "A benefactor in America has sent \$50 for your year's support." But there are 969 more students in this mission. Support for another could be a Christmas gift to Bishop Paschang. Could be!

GET IT WHOLESALE or retail you'll still have to admit that \$20 is little enough for furnishing one room in the Sisters' convent of Kyoto, Japan. There are 10 such rooms awaiting donors. Monsignor Byrne will make the wholesale contract if you make the contact.

TAKE THIS HOME and read it," would be a nice thing to say to the many non-Christians who look into Wuchow missions. But a supply of pamphlets and additional reading matter would cost Bishop Donaghy \$20, and he has 12 catechumates to stock. Could you help him secure a small supply of Chinese books and pamphlets for at least one mission? Spreading the word means spreading the work.



Telling the old, old story to the children of the Orient is a task each missioner loves. He could reach more children if he had more teachers, but they come at \$15 each a month.



Dispensaries in mission lands have been busy ladling out medicine to the crowds of refugees passing through. \$50 will insure a year's supply of specifics for one dispensary.

THE CHRIST CHILD is particularly appealing to

the little orphans of the Orient. Bishop Lane has 99 orphans in the Fushun Vicariate. \$5 will support one a month; \$10 will supply bed and bedding for one. Make some child happy this Christmas.

REBUILDING is a task which has come twice, lately, to Monsignor Romaniello, Prefect Apostolic of Kweilin. Supply

something for one of his eight rebuilt churches: benches and kneelers, \$3 each; vestments, \$15 the set; statues, \$20 each; altars, \$50.

GENERALLY SPEAKING" is what the catechists of Bishop Ford's Vicariate (Kaying) are doing. As a result they leave the missioner free for his many and varied priestly duties. \$150 will guarantee the services of one catechist for a year—\$15 a month. Bishop Ford has 126 of these "generally speaking" helpers.

MOTHER AND FATHER will be remembered this Christmas by all the family. But Bishop O'Shea, of Heijo Vicariate, is concerned with a great number of homeless aged ones in the Korea missions. \$5 a month will support one; \$10 will supply bed and bedding for one; and (an odd Christmas present) \$10 will guarantee a decent coffin. There's no accounting for tastes.

The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll P.O., N.Y.

LONG, LONG AGO,

the prophets of old foresaw
and beheld in vision a Man of
Sorrows and affliction, whose
griefs were the foundation of
our hope, the support of our
courage. The Man of Sorrows
was the God of Love come to
bring peace to all mankind.

